

INTRUSIONS OF THE ASTRAL VOICES : Part 4

-by B. Edwards

It's almost one in the morning
It's another rough one
This entity attachment
Or entities..... I'm not even sure
Is on the attack tonight

I went to bed
About an hour ago
And as soon
As my head hit the pillow
These voices
Started bombarding me

I heard one of the voices
Call humans "primitive life forms"
At one point

So that's how it's going tonight
Just a tired
"primitive life form" here
That has to work
All day tomorrow
And who only wants
To fall asleep
As quickly as possible

But sometimes
These attachments
Make that very difficult
And this is one
Of those times

This is when
They have me at a disadvantage
This is when
I'm a sitting duck

I just took
Some more sleep-aid
It's all I can do
It'll either work
Or it won't
Hopefully it will

Because I don't foresee
These entities
Giving up on their chattering
Anytime soon

They're not like us
They don't seem
To get tired out
Quite so easily

They can just let loose
With barrage

After barrage

After barrage

Of voices

Voices

Voices

And then.....at last

Even more voices

It's some kind

Of strange siege

Happening here

In the middle of the night

I could try

And plead with them

I could try

And beg for mercy

But I know better by now

I'll simply

Ignore what I can ignore

And hope the sleep-aid

Takes care of the rest

I'll slug through it

Like I always do

These battles for sleep

Are nothing new to me

And that's the honest truth
It's a real
Battle for sleep tonight
It's one of those rough ones

-5/7/2020